

What Thanksgiving Means to the Boys in Our Navy

Of course there will be a "real feed," with turkey and everything, wherever it's possible on land or sea. And at the naval training stations there will be special doings to help the lonely lads forget to be homesick

By RHYS G. THACKWELL

More than 300 years ago John Alden and his little band of Puritan followers in New England passed a terrible year of famine and sickness that nearly wiped out the colony. But the pendulum swung. Health conditions improved. Clearings were enlarged. The drought broke. Good crops were raised. A beautiful harvest was stored against the winter. And then the Pilgrims turned their thoughts to God. Their hearts welled in gratefulness. They appointed a day for public thanksgiving. Every year since, when the harvest has been gathered, the people of the United States have observed Thanksgiving day—since 1863 on the last Thursday in November. The following article concerning the observance of the day in the navy this year was prepared by a direct descendant of John Alden.

Far from their homes, perhaps for the first time in their young lives, many thousands of young American sailors will forget on Thanksgiving day all of the serious business of war. Thoughts will be of home. It will be a day of meditation for the men of the great fleets which are aiding the allied nations in exterminating Prussianism from the earth. It will be America's first Thanksgiving in this great world war. At the training stations, on the ships which patrol the coast lines, in the submarines which move about a hundred feet below the surface of the water, and on the great battleships on the high seas Thanksgiving day is to be observed as it never before has been by the boys and men who are dedicating their lives to America's cause. It will not be merely a day of sensuous pleasures, of stuffing oneself with foods to please the taste; rather it will be a day of mental inspiration, of a spiritual gratification, of thoughts of home and those who are dear.

In a general way the stories of how Thanksgiving is observed in the two branches of the American fighting forces do not differ. Soldiers who are yet in this country will perhaps be given furloughs so that they can be with their families or other relatives on Thanksgiving day. Sailors and marines who are detailed to the training stations may be invited out for the day or they may gather in the big mess halls for a program. But the lads who are far away from their loved ones, those who are on the high seas, will experience a feeling entirely new to them. And it is going to have a tremendously important influence, too. Perhaps you have wondered some time or other why the tight-fitting blouse, the black handkerchief, and his saucy little white cap seem to give the Jackie a more youthful appearance than the khaki or olive drab do to the soldier.

It is not a deception resulting from a marked difference in the uniforms. Rather this apparent boyish appearance of the Jackies in comparison with the soldiers is a reality. The Jackies are just boys—the brightest youth of America, who, before they have attained their manhood, are offering their lives to make this country secure from Prussianism and to establish peace throughout the world.

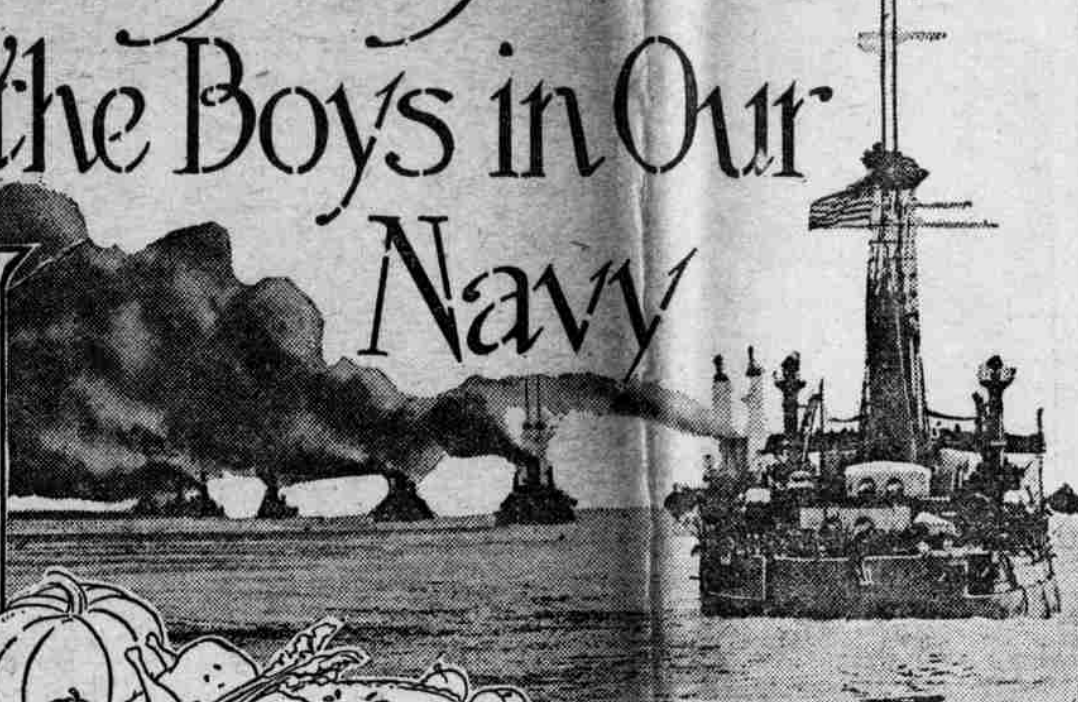
A spirit of youth permeates the United States navy—an atmosphere which perhaps is not to be found in the army. Most of the boys, who are being trained to man the battleships, and the majority of those who already have met the German fleet in sea battles, are scarcely out of their teens. There is a fascination for the sea, for the experience of moving about on the waters and being constantly in danger of attack from beneath the sea or by hostile ships—a something which holds a peculiar charm for American youth. And so it is that the American navy is composed of a great host of young men—youth who seek adventure, those who are eager to avenge the terrible atrocities wrought by Germany.

Months have passed since many of these young Jackies, transformed in an incredibly short time from schoolboys to fighting men-of-war, left their mothers and their fathers to join other youths in protecting our country from the ravages of a barbarian foe. Their activities have been so strenuous that few have had the time or the inclination to meditate about their homes. But all of these boys have been separated from their own people long enough to give them a sincere longing to visit again hometown and to see mother.

Men of the army are better able to combat a feeling of homesickness than the Jackies can because the soldiers have come, as a general rule, from the offices, from the cares of business, from colleges, and from situations which have, in their very nature, separated the men, more or less, from their family interests. Should this statement sound exaggerated and false let me amend it somewhat. The soldiers probably are, are accustomed to absence from home than are the sailor boys, most of whom came directly from the influence of their mothers and who are all by themselves for the first time in their careers, confronting some of the bigger problems of life.

And so it is that this Thanksgiving the many thousands of American boys who are fighting in the first line of defense are going to experience a great mental awakening—a spiritual change, which might not have come to them under normal conditions until they were much older in years and experience. It will be perhaps their first Thanksgiving day on which they have actually taken the time to meditate over the blessings for which they should give thanks.

The boys probably have not previously had occasion to appreciate the home influence. They will rejoice in the knowledge that the United States now has a navy which measures up to the best in the world. They will be glad because they



know that this country is aiding the allied nations in exterminating so-called "kultur" and in establishing peace on earth for centuries at least. The boys will give thanks because they have been privileged to give their services, their money for Liberty bonds and their lives, if necessary, to bring to a close this worst struggle of all the ages. At the naval stations elaborate programs have been prepared. Mrs. William A. Moffett, wife of the commandant of Great Lakes naval training station, early conceived the idea of giving a big Thanksgiving dinner to the 20,000 boys now training there. Actuated by her splendid mother spirit, Mrs. Moffett confided her wish to some of her friends.

"Can't we do something to bring home a little closer to the boys for just one day?" Mrs. Moffett asked. "Many of the young boys actually need to pass Thanksgiving in a real home—they have been separated from their own people so long that their hearts are calling out for a glimpse into a home where there is a mother, father, some noisy children and home-cooked food."

Mrs. Moffett's idea quickly became popular. A committee was formed to secure the boys who were to accept the scores of invitations from Chicagoans and other hospitable people along the north shore of Lake Michigan who showed a desire to entertain the Jackies on Thanksgiving day. Chaplain Charles W. Moore lent his aid in selecting the boys for the invitations. More than 1,000 young men were granted liberty to visit the homes where they are guests of honor for a real Thanksgiving dinner.

Most of the boys are to be taken to church services before the dinner. Automobile rides and other forms of entertainment constitute the afternoon program. Probably every boy will feel an impulse to write a message to mother.

What is being done at Great Lakes, where the largest naval training station of the world is located, is typical of the programs at the other training stations.

On every battleship guarding our coast lines, in every submarine craft which bears American sailors, on every other ship manned by the blue-jackets at least a portion of Thanksgiving day will be devoted to meditation. Religious services will be held on all the ships.

Turkey dinners with several courses, topped off with ice cream or other delicacies, are to be served to all of the navy men. And as they eat the boys will appreciate as never before the significance of Thanksgiving and the turkey dinner. They will better understand the hardships which the Pilgrims endured in order that they might establish a people who should be at liberty to worship as they saw fit.

And as they think of the fortitude of the men who fought hunger, and cold, and disease, and death in order that somewhere there should be a country where people could be assured of liberty, the Jackies sincerely offer up their gratitude to the power which has made it possible for them to aid in preserving this nation from the loss of that priceless liberty.

WHAT WAR DID TO ROME

Rome in the days of Augustus was a city of more than 1,000,000 persons, and it did not have a single hospital.

The city was built mainly of brick, with narrow, tortuous streets. But it had some broad and well-paved thoroughfares, the fashionable avenue being the famous Appian way, which was the metropolitan terminus, so to speak, of one of the great military roads that radiated from Rome as a center to all parts of the empire.

The houses of the rich, and even those of the fairly well-to-do, were supplied with running water. No modern system of aqueducts surpassed that of ancient Rome, and the water was distributed to dwellings by underground pipes that furnished the fluid through lead pipe connections to tanks elevated on pillars at regular intervals along the street. From these tanks lead pipes carried the water to the houses on either side, which were provided with faucets and basins like our houses of today.

This in itself is a very interesting fact, because even two centuries ago there was no such adequate system of water supply for cities anywhere in the civilized world. In respect of this important item of civilization, the destruction of Rome by war put the world back about 1,800 years.

When Julius Caesar first visited Alexandria in Egypt, the occasion on which he was captured by the Greek charms of Cleopatra, he found there so complete an underground water-supply system that the city seemed "hollow underneath."

The aqueducts of ancient Rome, substantial remains of which still exist, supplied numerous street fountains, at which the people drank, and, much more important, the enormous bath buildings, erected and maintained at fabulous expense by various emperors.

There were no street lamps. Soldiers employed as policemen carried torches through the streets. It was a method corresponding nearly to that in use in European cities a couple of centuries ago. Stoves were unknown and dwellings were heated with braziers of charcoal. Olive oil lamps and candles of tallow and wax furnished domestic illumination. House furniture—sofas, chairs, bedsteads and what not—much resembled in pattern what we have today, and for the rich was no less luxurious.

Grain was ground by watermills and windmills. Boats on the Tiber carried mill wheels that were driven by the current of the river. Chickens were hatched by incubators on a great scale for market. Ice obtained from mountain heights was stored to summer time for winter use.

A big book might be written about the "modern

conveniences" enjoyed by the ancient Romans. They were wiped out, together with nearly everything that was worth while in the way of civilization, by barbarous tribes, whose notion of warfare was "frightfulness" carried to the ultimate extent. These tribes were largely the ancestors of the present-day Germans. What they are to-day they were then. And what they did to Rome and to the civilization of which Rome was the dominant center put back the progress of the world just about eighteen centuries.

An Odd Fish--The Sea Horse

If mermaids were no bigger than some fairies, they might have horses to ride. The sea horses are creatures familiar enough, though most people have never seen one alive. Summer visitors at the seashore find them for sale—very dead, and dried—at shops that specialize in marine curios.

The sea-horse (naturalists say) is one of the most ancient of fishes. It is one of nature's oddest imitations—a "camouflage," so to speak.

It has a horse-like head, and its body is so shaped as to resemble the neck of that quadruped. But really, when one comes to examine it, the thing is counterfeits is the "knight" piece of the chessboard.

The sea horse has a tubelike snout, at the end of which are the mouth and jaws. Its head is topped by a sort of coronet. Clad in a complete suit of armor plates, it cannot flex its body like other fishes, and its finless tail is of no use for locomotion.

It feeds on small shrimps and other crustaceans. Occasionally, uncoupling its tail from the supporting plant, it swims slowly, not like other fishes, but always in a vertical position, its back fin vibrating rapidly.

Like other fishes, the sea horse possesses an air-bladder, which is always distended by a quantity of gas so exactly adjusted for equilibrium that, if a single bubble no larger than the head of a small pin be extracted, the creature falls to the bottom and must crawl about until the wound is healed and a fresh supply of gas has been secreted.

But the most remarkable point about the sea horse is that the male is provided with an external stomach-pouch, in which, at the mating season, the female deposits her eggs. The lining membrane of the pouch secretes a nutritious fluid, on which the young, when hatched, are fed. When they are big enough to take care of themselves, the father sea horse rubs his stomach against a winkle shell or some other convenient object, and by this means forces them out into the water.

CONSERVE COAL SUPPLY

FUEL ADMINISTRATION ASKS PEOPLE TO AID IN SAVING COAL BY USING WOOD.

Country Has Ample Coal For All Demands If Care Is Used In Its Use. By Burning Wood Wherever Possible Will Be Great Aid.

Nashville.—After a meeting of the state advisory committee of fuel administration and W. E. Myer, federal fuel administrator, the following address was issued to the public: "To the Public of Tennessee: 'You understand that this country is in a crisis. Had it not been for the sending of food and money to the allies, Europe today would be under the heel of Prussianism. The support of this country in behalf of civilization has halted autocracy and the world struggle is now on between autocracy and democracy.'

"It is imperative for this country to transmit men, food and fuel to the battlefield. Men, food and munitions cannot be sent unless there is sufficient coal to produce the steam that drives the ships across the ocean. One of the vital things today in this country to the success of our armies is the coal supply. This country has ample coal to supply the military demands and also to furnish fuel for homes and factories. This coal will be supplied if it is properly conserved. There is no occasion for excitement over the coal production and supply, but there is occasion for concern about conservation of coal. It is absolutely necessary that every reasonable means be used to the end of conserving the coal supply, that the comfort of the people, the operation of industries and the furnishing of coal for military purposes shall not be impaired. To the end of meeting the demands indicated, it is imperative that the people of this nation, including the people of Tennessee, should use coal conservatively and economize in its consumption in every possible way."

Pension Rolls Are Revised.

The state board of pensions, which met Oct. 9, during its session, which lasted 20 days, added a number of pensioners to the roll, dropped a number and took action in several matters of importance to the old soldiers and widows.

Those added to the roll from West Tennessee are: P. H. Hawks, Memphis; W. M. Moss, Jackson; Sarah Terryberry, Jackson; Sallie T. Dugger, Jackson; Alice Gray, Memphis; Sarah F. Hunt, Tiptonville; Martha Moon, Union City; Mary C. Slive, Union City; Bettie Stephens, Dresden; Mattie E. Stewart, Memphis; Mary A. Tyree, Lewisburg; Augusta Houseal, Memphis.

Ninety-seven deaths were reported among the soldiers and 51 among the widows. The roll now stands as follows: Eight first class, \$75 per quarter, \$600; 3,337 second, third and fourth class, \$45 per quarter, \$172,365; total, \$173,265; widows, 3,409, \$30 per quarter, \$102,270; grand total, \$275,535.

The quarterly appropriation for pensions is \$225,000. This quarterly payment is \$50,535 over the appropriation, but the board hopes to catch up during the life of the biennial appropriation.

Troopers Get Modern Guns.

Camp Sevier.—Tennessee soldiers of the 114th Field Artillery are now receiving their first training with real three-inch artillery guns. Two new and up-to-date guns were received by the regiment and placed in the field for instructions and drills. The guns and caissons were placed in the care of Capt. Robert Bailey of the supply company and turned over to the commanders for the purpose of instructing the soldiers.

With the guns now in the regiment the actual training in artillery work is being rushed, and before many weeks have passed the soldiers should be ready for active service. For the present only instructions and drills and the mechanism of the guns is being taught. It was announced, however, that it would be only a short while until the regiment would go to the artillery range for instruction in firing. The boys are anxious to get the training with the guns and have knuckled down to hard work with a rush.

Not Too Late To Sign Pledge.

S. W. McGill, director for Tennessee of the food pledge card campaign, received a message from Food Administrator Hoover to continue the campaign for signatures until the 300,000 fixed as Tennessee's quota had been received. Cards to the number of over 218,000 have already been signed and it is a matter of only a few days until the required number will have been signed.

Authorizes New Businesses.

Commercial Chemical Co., Memphis; capital stock, \$15,000. Incorporators: R. D. Stickley, W. C. Prier, W. D. Thompson, S. D. Tucker, J. Monroe Williamson. To manufacture and sell toilet articles and chemicals.

The Stag Club, Memphis; capital stock, \$1,000. Incorporators: Chas. Stewart, Sherman G. King, J. B. Woods, W. H. Bentley, J. S. Nettie.

Blue Blaze Coal Co., Knoxville; capital stock, \$15,000. Incorporators: J. M. Leels, J. B. Malcolm, A. P. Stealing, J. T. Larue.

ALMOST HELPLESS

Mr. Reuter Went Through a Terrible Siege of Kidney Trouble. Doan's Brought Back His Health.

"After an injury I was in terrible shape from kidney trouble," says D. Reuter, North St., West Chicago, Ill. "I couldn't stoop because of the awful pains in my back and the steady, dull misery almost drove me frantic. I had to be helped out of bed mornings, the pains across my kidneys were so bad and nobody knows the agony I went through. I couldn't do anything and was almost helpless; it seemed I would never get well."

"The urine passed far too often and burned like scalding water. The passages were scanty and I had no control over them. At times everything in front of me grew dark and I couldn't see for several minutes. I perspired profusely and I was thirsty all the time. For two years I suffered, trying medicine after medicine without relief. I was just about discouraged and didn't think I would ever be able to work again."

"Hearing about Doan's Kidney Pills I used them and four boxes cured me. My kidneys became normal, my back got well and strong and all the other troubles disappeared."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



Mr. Reuter

Horried. A man who is given to doing "odd jobs" about his house was very proud of a bit of painting he had accomplished.

About midnight following the completion of the outside of the house he was awakened by a noise. Creeping to the window, he looked out, and, to his horror, saw a burglar climbing up a ladder to the second-story window.

"Look out there!" yelled the householder to the burglar. "Look out for the paint!"

If your eyes smart or feel scalded, Roman Eye Salve applied upon going to bed is just the thing to relieve them. Adv.

FATE PURSUED THIS TOMMY

Nearly Spent Bullet Goes Through Hole Made in His Helmet by German Sniper.

James Dickinson, a convalescent Canadian soldier, in a letter to a friend, tells this story of the great war:

During a lull in the battle of the Marne one of the Canadian troopers took off his steel helmet, and, placing it on the end of his rifle, held it so that about half of it protruded above the top of the trench. A German sniper, observing this, once shot at it, and the steel, striking it squarely, and the steel, going out in a side. The "Tommy" laughingly showed it to his comrades and placed it back on his head.

Fifteen minutes later the order came to "go over the top," and this same "Tommy" was among the first. He was also among the first to fall, mortally wounded.

It was discovered at the dressing station that he had been struck by a nearly spent bullet that had gone through one of the holes that he had so recently shown his fellow soldiers in laughter.

Didn't Give Her a Chance. "You'll have to pay fare for that child, madam," said the conductor. "But he's only eight years old."

"We collect for all children over seven."

"Well, why don't you have your silly old rules put up where people can see them?"

Human nature is to want to fly a little higher than your neighbor.

It's only a tough world to the fellow who wants to run it.

"In most cases of Dyspepsia Coffee Does Not Agree"—

says a well known authority.

Many who use coffee—not knowing that it aggravates stomach troubles—could still enjoy a delicious hot table beverage and escape coffee's effects by a change to the wholesome, pure cereal drink—

POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

